

DR. M. BAILEY
Has resumed the practice of
Medicine and Surgery,
in Emporia and vicinity.
Office at the Emporia House.

J. F. NEWLON,
Physician and Surgeon,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
REFERENCES:
Drs. McDowell & Pope, St. Louis, Mo.
Col. Rolleston, Dallas City, Ill.
Dr. S. O. Patterson, " "
Hon. J. C. Davis, Warsaw, " "
Prof. Beaudart, Chicago, " "
Dr. McNeal, Springfield, " "
Robley Duglison, Jefferson Inst., Phil., Pa.
July 16-17

DR. J. H. WATSON,
HAVING CONCLUDED TO RESUME
The Practice of Medicine,
WILL attend promptly to all demands upon his professional services. He will be much obliged if his friends will make their application for his service in the fore part of the day, when practicable, and release him from the labor of riding at night as much as possible.
Emporia, May 7th, 1859-tf

JOHN HAMMOND,
Carpenter and Joiner,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
COFFINS, Panel Doors, Window and Door frames, and other job work, done in the best style, on the shortest notice.
may 7-tf

L. D. BAILEY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
WILL give prompt and faithful attention to any business of a legal nature that may be entrusted to his care in any court of the Territory. Office in Masonic Hall Building, Commercial street.
may 7-tf

C. V. ESKRIDGE,
PROBATE JUDGE,
Register of Deeds,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
FOR BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS
Also—Commissioner of Deeds for the Western States, and
General Land Agent.
Persons at a distance having business with the undersigned, will direct their communications to him at Emporia, Kansas.
may 7-tf

I. E. PERLEY,
Dealer in
HARDWARE, STOVES,
TINWARE,
Groceries, Provisions, etc., etc.,
COMMERCIAL ST., EMPORIA, KANSAS.
may 7-tf

S. N. WOOD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Cottonwood Falls, Chase Co., K. T.
WILL attend to all business entrusted to his care in Chase, Morris, Breckinridge, Madison Butler and Hunter counties.
87-tf

J. STOTLER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AT THE "NEWS" OFFICE,
no 81
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

LEWIS W. KUHN,
Register of Deeds,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
BREMEN, MADISON COUNTY, KANSAS.
jan 15-tf

THOS. A. RUSSEL
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Office on Levee, KANSAS CITY, MO.
Collections promptly made.
no 83-ly

ARTHUR I. BAKER,
Attorney at Law,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Dealer in Land Warrants, Town Lots and Shares, Claims, &c.,
AMERICAN, BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS.
Pre-emption business promptly attended to—Money invested and debts collected—Legal instruments carefully drawn up and recorded—Claims filed on and Declaratory Statements promptly forwarded, etc., etc.
Mr. B. is also President of the American Town Company.
dec 11-tf

H. S. SLEEPER,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
County Surveyor of Madison County,
FLORENCE, KANSAS.
People of the Cottonwood please leave orders at the Office of L. D. Bailey, Emporia.
n 73

G. M. WALKER,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
County Surveyor of Breckinridge County,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Is prepared with superior instruments to do plane surveying, leveling and drafting on short notice. Bridge Plans and Bills made to order.

J. M. RANKIN,
Attorney at Law and General Land Agent,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Will practice in the several courts of record in this and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
October 9-tf

P. B. PLUMB,
Land and Collection Agent,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Will invest money for non-residents, make collections, pay taxes, etc.
June 5

ALBERT GRIFFIN,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent,
MANHATTAN, KANSAS.
Prompt attention given to all business in the Kansas Valley, west of the Fort Worth line, entrusted to his care.
aug 14-tf

THOSE
Wishing the Professional services of
DR. C. C. SLOCUM,
Physician and Surgeon,
Will please call at his residence half a mile south-east of Emporia.
n 6-tf

Grinding and Bolting.
I HAVE got my new Bolting apparatus in good order, and am now prepared to turn out the best quality of flour on short notice. Also corn ground in the best manner.
JOEL HAWORTH,
Proprietor Cottonwood Mill.

The Emporia News.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

VOL. 3—No. 8.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

WHOLE No. 112.

JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE EMPORIA NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Brasses, &c., enabling the proprietor to print Circulars, Cards, Certificates of Stock, Deeds, Posters, and all other kinds of Job Printing, in a manner unsurpassed in this country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "Excellence" is our motto.

Blank Warrants and Mortgage Deeds, Bonds, Executions, Summons, Subpoenas, Attachments, Recognizances, etc., constantly on hand.

The Maniac's Confession.

A few years ago I visited an insane asylum. The woman in charge conducted us through various apartments, giving us all the information in regard to the occupants she was able, and kindly answering all the questions, until we came to a room where one of the patients had lately died, and now lay awaiting the disposal of her friends, who had been apprized of her decease.

We entered, and gazed reverently upon the face of the sleeper. She was a woman in the prime of life and bore traces of great beauty. What great sorrow had bereft this beautiful creature of her reason? and by what relative, and for what motive, had she been incarcerated in this living tomb, were queries which were in my mind as I gazed upon her lifeless remains.

My eyes involuntarily wandered over the apartment. A little table stood in the corner beneath the grated window. A Bible lay upon it, and as I took it up a paper slid from between the leaves and fell at my feet. It was a closely written sheet, and a glance convinced me that it was some sort of a revelation which had been written there during the last hours of the life that had fled.

"What is this?" I asked as I held up the paper.

"Oh, that is probably some of Aggy's scribbling. She used to call for pen and paper, and she would write over several sheets and then destroy them. That is probably one of them—of no consequence I presume," said the woman. I asked if I might retain it.

"Why, yes, if you wish," she replied. I hid it away in my bosom, and we soon left the premises.

"What could you possibly want of that crazy woman's scribbling?" my companion asked, as we left the building.

"I fancy there is something here worth preserving," I replied. "Let us examine it."

As we rode homeward, I read it aloud to my friend. It was written in a trembling hand, and read as follows:

"I was the only and idolized daughter of wealthy parents. I possessed a haughty and imperious temper, which was never subdued or restrained. My parents were not religious, and no care was taken to impress upon my mind religious truths."

"Consequently I grew up unprincipled and extremely passionate. While every pains was taken with my education and accomplishments, my heart was left to run wild, overgrown and choked by the briars and thorns of selfishness and love of tyranny; yet I was passionately attached to my friends, and as long as they did not cross my imperious will I got on nicely with them."

Thus I grew to womanhood. Chance threw me into the society of a young lawyer of distinguished abilities, who had begun what was predicted to be a brilliant career. I soon learned to love him with all the depth of my passionate impulsive nature; and was wild with joy, when one day he came to me and in eloquent language told me how long and devotedly he had loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

We were married. If I occasionally felt a tinge of distrust of my own qualifications for a wife, I soon silenced it with the argument that my love was strong enough to make up for all deficiencies.

My husband was all that was good and noble and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, "You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you miserable."

Then when he was gone, I would fly to my chamber, lock the door and give myself up to an unaccountable fit of weeping for very shame.

We had been married about a year. One evening (would to God I could blot from the record of time that fatal night; but it lives like a hissing, fiery serpent in my memory, and has doomed me to utter despair in this world, and I fear the next,) my husband did not return at the usual hour. I watched long at my accustomed place, at the parlor window. His slippers and dressing gown were warming by the grate, and everything was in readiness for him; but he did not come. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I began to grow uneasy. All my selfish feelings were roused, and I felt sorely grieved. An hour more, yet he came not. I paced up and down the floor in a fit of impatience. A ring at the door, I waited to hear his step on the stairs; but it was a lighter step than his, accompanied by the rustling of silk. Nellie B—, an intimate friend, bounded in, she was dressed for the opera. She said that her carriage waited at the door for myself and Ernest. I told her Ernest had not yet returned from his office, and I could not go. She looked disappointed. A sudden thought seized me. Would it not be a capital revenge for his neglect of me to find the parlor deserted when he came? I went to the opera. We were scarcely in our box when a party entered a box opposite. The blood rushed back to my heart, and my pulse stood still as I recognized Ernest, my Ernest, my husband, and leaning upon his arm one of the most beautiful young creatures my eyes ever beheld. This was my first impression, for there quickly followed so deadly and jealous a hatred as made her look positively ugly. I quickly drew down my veil that my husband might not discover me, and from my concealment I watched them with glaring eyes. I heard nothing else; and once when rallied by companions, I replied that I was not well, and begged to be left to myself.

"Then, with the fierceness of a tiger fearful of losing his prey, I turned my eyes toward my husband and his 'guilty paramour.' She seemed to be enjoying the performance intensely, but he seemed to see nothing but her. His head was bowed toward her, and she would occasionally lift her eyes to his face. Then I saw him smile (just as he had smiled upon me a thousand times,) while he bent still lower over her with renewed devotion.

"Each moment was like a red hot dagger piercing my heart. I know not what demon possessed me; I think I must have been mad when I vowed a terrible revenge. 'Twere better, I reasoned, that he should die while yet there existed in his heart a spark of love for me, than to see him little by little drawn away by the siren, till perhaps I should be utterly deserted, and left with all my blind love eating away my heart-strings like a consuming fire."

"At my request we left the opera at an early hour, and with a terrible purpose I entered my home. But what was that home now to me? The love that had brightened it was no longer mine. Some demon furnished me with resolution to execute my desperate purpose."

"It had been our custom sometimes to drink a glass of sweet wine of an evening when we were alone. I drew the table to the fire, and placed the decanter and glasses. Then with trembling hands I brought a deadly opiate, the nature of which I well knew. The first effect it produced was a deep sleep, which in a few hours terminated in the still sleep of death. I filled the glasses, and into one I dropped the drug. All was done with rapidity, lest my resolution should fail me."

"When all was ready, I paced up and down the room, nursing the fires which raged within my bosom, by recounting to myself the wrong which I had suffered. I pictured to myself my idolized husband lying still and cold before me, and I fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Then I drew another picture. I saw him draw from me, giving his love to another. I thought of all the agony I had suffered that night, and imagined how much deeper would be my wrong if I spared him. At that moment I heard his night key in the latch, and he soon entered the room. I stood in the recess of the window, where he did not at once observe me. The wine first attracted his attention—the fatal glass! I saw him lift it to his lips, drain its contents, and I felt fainting to the floor."

"I knew no more for several hours. When I rallied I was lying upon the sofa; the lamp was burning dimly, an easy chair was wheeled to my side, and in it I saw the form of my husband. I sprang quickly up. The drug was doing its work. He was in a heavy slumber, and already his breath came thicker and shorter, and his pulses beat faintly."

"My anger had passed away, all the worshipping love which I had cherished toward my husband came rushing back upon my heart. I clasped his hands, I kissed his lips, I strove to rouse him; but all in vain. Again I paced up and down the floor, but oh! what different emotions possessed me now."

"A little folded paper, which I had not before noticed and lying upon the table, caught my eye. Scarcely knowing or caring what I did, I took it up and opened it. I saw it was in the hand-writing of my husband, and I eagerly read its contents. 'Great God of Heaven! what had I done? It was a note that Ernest had sent me, and which did not arrive till after I had gone out. It ran as follows:

"Excuse me, Aggy dear, from coming home to tea. My sister of whom I spoke to you this morning, has come home and sent for me to come to her. 'If she is not too weary, I will take you both to the opera this evening, and will call for you at eight. Your loving HUSBAND."

"Now for the first time, I remembered that he had told me in the morning that an only sister of his, who had been absent several years, was expected home that day. His parents resided in another part of the city. 'He would call for me at eight.' I had gone out earlier, and probably, by some carelessness of the carrier, the note had not arrived before the time. I afterwards learned that he did call for me, and being told that I had gone to the opera with some friends, and probably had not received his note, he proceeded to that place with his sister, hoping to find me there."

"A wild hope that he might yet be roused seized me, and I sprang to his side. But alas! too late! He had ceased to breathe."

"Oh! heaven of heavens! what evil had my blind passionate temper wrought me and mine. Again I became insensible. 'I opened my eyes. Loving, tear-stained faces bent over me. A soft hand was gently stroking my temples, and I gazed into the face of that gentle sister, whom I had never seen save upon that fatal night. She kissed me and whispered—

"Dear Aggy, you are the greatest sufferer of us all."

"I was told that I was found in the morning by the servant, lying upon the floor insensible, and my husband reclining in the chair, dead!"

"It seemed that suspicion had not rested upon myself. The coroner was called and his verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

"Heaven only knows how I loathed and hated myself. I longed to confess the truth, but for the sake of others forebore to reveal what would have brought upon the family deep disgrace and additional grief. A long illness followed, and my reason reeled. I was carried back to my parents. I could not remain in the house which had been the scene of my sin and punishment."

"Years passed; I grew no better, but was still trembling upon the verge of insanity, yet retained sufficient reason to distinctly remember my sorrow, and to understand what was passing around me. What was perhaps strange, I was conscious of my mental condition."

"Years passed, and my parents both died. I was placed in the care of an uncle, who was my only natural guardian. From him I had inherited the selfish passion which had been my ruin."

"For a time I lived in his house, but he found me too great a trouble, and under pretence of solicitude for my recovery he placed me in the insane asylum. I knew it was only to get me out of his way that he

might have no hindrance in possessing himself of my large fortune. But I did not object. I felt I deserved it all."

"Twelve years have I spent in this retreat. Every one has been extremely kind to me. During that time I have never seen my uncle. It is almost over, I feel that I shall soon follow to the dark bourn where in my frenzy I sent my noble husband nearly twenty years ago. I have read the Bible, I have tried to pray."

A few months since I visited the Cemetery. I found their graves. A costly monument marks the spot. The uncle is living in possession of his niece's wealth, and is seemingly prosperous. I have never made known to any one the existence of the paper in my possession. I have learned that the family of Ernest are all dead."

The dear friend who shared with me the knowledge of Aggy's confession, also lies "beneath the sod of the valley."

Hoping that it may serve as a warning to some who may read it, I give this history to the world.

Admission of Kansas.
The people of Kansas will apply to the present Congress at its approaching session for admission as a State into the Union. They have framed a Constitution, which, it is presumed, will be ratified by the popular vote. This Constitution, exceptional as it may be in the eyes of some, contains no provision which, as we conceive, ought to endanger its acceptance at the hands of Congress. Nor are we aware of the existence of any reason, aside from any argument drawn from that instrument, which will be seriously urged as a ground of exclusion before that body. The feeling is a prevalent one, that Kansas has population enough, though she may not be able to count up quite the number prescribed in the act of Congress. The signs of coming opposition on that ground, which are very few and feeble, may properly be disregarded.

We, in times past, have had our say about matters and things in Kansas. We have impartially given the history of events there, while we have ad no other feeling in respect to the question involved than a wish that it should be determined in accordance with the will of a majority of her people. The question has been so determined; and we acquiesce in its settlement, heartily glad that a bitter controversy has been brought to a close.

Now, let us feel that "by-gones should be by-gones." Kansas has all the capabilities for a noble State. Her rich soil, healthy air, mild climate, and beautiful scenery are prolific elements of growth and progress. Her vast resources will be rapidly developed. This is as certain as the instincts of American emigration which unerringly guide it to the choicest localities, and this development will be aided by the fact, which we hope soon to be able to pronounce a fixed one, of a rich gold region lying in immediate proximity to Kansas.

The most friendly relations should be cultivated between Missouri and Kansas. The great market for the products of Kansas and that to which her merchants should come for their supplies, will be in the natural order of things, St. Louis. What behooves both now is to consider the best method of speedily connecting the two by the iron bands, whose embrace will make them feel one in interest.

The application of Kansas for admission as a State, we have remarked, will probably meet with no serious opposition. Here and there, a mousetrap politician—a political Grimaldin—may be found to set up some pretence against it, which will be merely a sham to mask a motive which he will be ashamed to avow. But the circle of such poor plotters is small. We think we can safely and assuredly say, it will embrace no Representative in Congress from Missouri.—St. Louis Republican.

The House of John Hancock.
The Hancock House in B-ston is thus described by a correspondent:
On B-acon street, occupying the most commanding position of any house in the city, stands the old two-story stone house, in which John Hancock lived and died. We visited this house, which is owned and occupied by a grand nephew of the Revolutionary hero, and were received by the proprietor, with marked courtesy. The parlor walls are covered with portraits of the Hancock family, carefully preserved in their ancient, but costly frames, and on the table lay the old family Bible, with the name John Hancock written upon the fly leaf, in his bold, dashing hand, as it appears on the Declaration of Independence.

From the parlor, we passed through the spacious hall, and up a flight of elegant stairs to the chamber where he died. The furniture of these rooms has never been removed since his death, and is of ancient, but costly kind. The material of which the house is built, except the stone, was imported from England, even to the old-fashioned hinges upon the doors, and the ponderous brass locks which fasten them. The house is the same, in all respects, as when occupied by Hancock, and we learn that the State of Massachusetts is negotiating for its purchase with a view to its preservation in its present form.

To TAKE OUT PITCH, TAR, ROSIN, PAINT, ETC.—If any of these happen to get on a garment, either linen or woolen, pour a little alcohol on the place, and let it soak in about an hour. Then rub it gently; you will find the alcohol has soaked out the glutinous quality, so that it will easily crumble out.

Accurate experiments have been made in Illinois to test the comparative value of timothy and clover hay. The experiments were carried on for two years and the results were that the clover hay uniformly yielded ten per cent. more milk than the timothy.

There are two things a man rarely forgets—his first love and his first cigar.

[From the American Agriculturalist.]

"Going to Law."

Happening into the office of a county Judge recently to have some documents made out for the transfer of a piece of property, we overheard part of the details of a case something like this:—Two men whom we recognized as poor day laborers, were having papers drawn up for carrying a suit to a higher court, where the expenses, which were to be secured in advance, would amount to about a hundred dollars. As near as we could learn, one of the parties had agreed to purchase a cow of the other, for thirty dollars, but before her actual transfer she died. Each man had already expended about fifty dollars, in court and counsel fees, expenses of witnesses, etc., and now they were preparing to continue the contest, at an expense equivalent to what they would earn in six months' labor. This incident forcibly reminded us of a plaster cast we saw offered a few years since by one of the peripatetic vendors of this kind of wares. Two sturdy yeomen were represented as contending for the possession of a cow. A legal counsellor had been employed by one of the parties, who, dressed in the wig of olden style, was seated upon a pile of law-books, quietly drawing the milk (his fees) while the contest went on.

This admirably portrays the character of three-fourths of all the lawsuits carried on in the country. So long as the cow gives milk, it will be required for "expenses," and when this fails, the worthless carcass of the animal may perhaps be obtained by the litigant who has the most physical endurance, each of them having in the mean time sacrificed the entire use of the cow, and, besides, time and strength enough to have acquired half a dozen better animals.

With most men, the first impulse, on having a slight difference with a neighbor, is, to "go to law about it." To submit the case quietly to the arbitration of disinterested persons, and yield to their decision, would not quite satisfy the dignity, nay, the belligerent propensity of the parties. How few men, comparatively, there are, who have lived forty years without having "been in court" one or more times. And how few are the instances where the victorious party has not lost more than has been gained; in time, worry of mind, expenses—no saying nothing of the trouble entailed upon others who have been drawn into the conflict as witnesses, interested spectators, jurymen, etc. We have a vivid recollection of being called from pressing business to go fifteen miles to attend "county court," and of waiting four whole days to give evidence as a witness, in a case of which we personally knew nothing; and to cap the climax, the case was "adjourned over" three months, when two days more were consumed in waiting. Our protestations that we knew nothing of importance, and that all we did know was hearsay, amounted to nothing with those in eager fray. The idea seemed to be that that side would be the strongest which could bring the most persons on the stand as witnesses, and so with more than twenty other persons we danced attendance. The whole amount at issue was less than our individual loss of time in one of the days spent at court. We received in return one shilling (12½ cents) in advance.

There is no doubt that most persons who would first sit down and count the cost of a suit at law, would be deterred from entering into litigation, but for a feeling of false dignity. "I would expend the last cent before I would allow him to trample on my rights," is the common expression. A story current in our boyhood will illustrate this. Two Dutchmen came into court about a dog that had been killed, and the following scene occurred:

Judge (to the defendant)—"Did you kill the plaintiff's dog?"

Defendant—"To be sure I kilt his tok, but he most prove it."

Judge (to plaintiff)—"How much was your dog worth?"

Plaintiff—"To be shure to tok was wort nothing, but since he's been so mean ash to kilt him I shall compel him to pay te full value."

We recently heard of a case at the South, worth relating in illustration. A whip was borrowed, and on being returned, the lender declared that seven inches had been worn off from the end of the lash. High words ensued, leading to a quarrel, which was carried into court, and from one court to another, with the usual delays, until the aggregate costs to the parties actually amounted to seven thousand dollars—a thousand dollars an inch for the worn lash, without reckoning time, trouble, and the bad feelings engendered.

In another instance a long legal contest ensued, the original cause of which was a slight trespass by a calf. The case ended by a compromise, each party paying his own costs; the total amount of these had run up to nearly eleven thousand dollars! How many such cases—not quite so striking perhaps—have come under the notice of most persons. How many estates have been wasted, and heirs beggared, by an unwillingness to make slight concessions.

But the pecuniary loss, serious as it often may be, is not the worst feature in the business. The hatred engendered, and bad passions nourished, react sadly upon the parties engaged. The disposition is soured, peace banished, and constant vexation and apprehension embitter life. Said one who had finally obtained his suit, involving a large amount, and one which he could ill afford to lose: "Had I foreseen the anxiety and vexation I have suffered from this business, I would have given a receipt in full for the amount, rather than have commenced." Many others will bear the same testimony. There are cases where it is positive duty to invoke the aid of law to secure or preserve rights, but reason, not passion should preside when such interests are involved.

Mention is made of much injury to the potatoes crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot.

To YOURS MRS. ONLY.—When your lady-love can't be moved by any other process, try the leave-her.

From the Alton (Ill.) Courier.

Doughfaces.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, added the above word to our language. It had never been heard till uttered by him on the floor of Congress; but the term is one of those expressive words which once uttered, die only with the language into which it becomes incorporated.

Its origin was in this wise: One day a member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, made a speech, in which, to ingratiate himself with the Southern Delegation, he said much in favor of Slavery, going further in praise of the institution than Southerners were then accustomed to do. At that period, the prominent men of the South took the same ground as Jefferson. In listening to the Northern advocate of Slavery, there was merely a humorous smile playing around the lips of the other members from the South, but the whole countenance of John Randolph was a perfect study, so expressive it was of indignation, mingled with unutterable scorn and contempt. He sat uneasy in his seat, changing his posture continually. Randolph, at that day, was in the full meridian of his powers, mental and physical. Those who were thoroughly acquainted with the tall, eccentric Virginian, knew by his looks and manner, that a storm was gathering, which would launch a thunderbolt at the head of the favor-seeking Slavery advocate from the North. When the latter concluded his speech and sat down, he cast a very complacent glance around upon the Southern members, confident that his offering at the shrine of Slavery must have won all their hearts.

No sooner was he seated than his "evil genius," in the shape of John Randolph, of Roanoke, slowly and deliberately rose to his feet. His thin lips were tightly compressed—his Indianlike eyes glistened, and his lowering brow was dark as midnight. He made the usual complimentary address of "Mr. Speaker," but his face was not turned toward the Chair. His eyes were intensely riveted upon his victim. For a brief moment there was a pause, ominous as that which precedes the earthquake. Then raising his right arm, he shook at his opponent his long, bony finger in his peculiar, menacing manner, with a rapid, vibratory motion which bore no faint resemblance to that of a rattlesnake on the point of striking the fatal blow with its fangs. And then burst forth his shrill concentrated tones so unlike the sound of any other human voice.

For more than an hour, Randolph held the whole audience spell-bound with his reply. He poured forth upon Northern advocates of Slavery, a perfect torrent of indignant sarcasm, hot and withering as melted lava. He said "that every human being had an inalienable right to liberty—to the ownership of his own body and soul, was a doctrine impressed by the Creator upon every human heart—that the South did not originate Africa Slavery—it was entailed upon them against their will, by a Government that has passed away. The servile race had so increased that emancipation was no longer possible. Slavery at the South was justifiable, on the ground that it had grown, without their own agency, into an institution which they could not shake off if they would."

He said that "he knew of none except the natives of the Eastern States, who advocated Slavery as Slavery, and not as an evil from which there was no escape. The descendants of the pilgrims," he said, "were trained up in all the practices and doctrines of the straightest sect of the Pharisees, regarding it as a mortal sin for a man to shave his beard, or a woman to kiss her child on 'Sabbath-day.' Yet the great majority of them with whom it had been his good or ill fortune to become acquainted, are DOUGHFACES, who countenance Slavery the moment they think it their interest to do so, although they have been taught from infancy to detect it. Notwithstanding their noisy declamation in favor of the institution, they remain bitterly hostile to it, in the secret recesses of their hearts, to the last hour of life. Had they been at Jerusalem in the days of the Savior, they would have cried 'crucify Him! crucify Him!' louder than did even the Jews, the moment they had made the discovery that that was the popular side."

Mr. Randolph drew a very eloquent but very bitter contrast between the Doughfaces and the sons of the Old Dominion. He said: "While these doughfaces have cringed and crawled, violating every instinct of conscience, to curry favor with the South, what has my own native Virginia been doing? That great and glorious Commonwealth, the largest Slaveholding State in the Union, gave to the confederacy the 'Territory north west of the Ohio,' a territory broader than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And then by the Ordinance of 1787, which was carried by her votes and her influence, she consecrated that wide realm forever to human freedom. It was she, glorious Old Virginia, Slaveholder as she is, that wrung from the confederacy a solemn pledge that Slavery should never plant its feet upon that virgin soil. How looks the cringing doughface by the side of such men as these?"

I have given but a brief sketch of that speech, drawn from "Cotton's Weekly Chronicle," published at that time, but which paper was discontinued at the close of its first year. I have copied from the report of that speech only just sufficient to give the reader a correct idea of the origin of the word "doughface." I have not the presumption to express any opinion as to the views of such a man as John Randolph, of Roanoke.

If you do when you are alone what you are unwilling to do in the presence of your acquaintances, you respect them more than you do yourself.

To YOURS MRS. ONLY.—When your lady-love can't be moved by any other process, try the leave-her.